

## ARMY OF THE CUMBERLAND.

Making an Aggregation of Young Wolverines into a Splendid Regiment.

By CAPT. C. E. BELKNAP, 21st Mich.

These are the personal memories of the war of the "Great Rebellion." Three years of campaigning with the Army of the Cumberland, half of that time in the division of Gen. Sheridan, then with Sherman to Atlanta, the march to the sea, and thence to the grand review in Washington, and the white wings of Peace once again blessing our common country.

Memories of the campaigns, the marches, the battles, but more than all this, memories of the comrades with whom I fought, and the white wings of Peace once again blessing our common country.

Those comrades of mine varied their ration of hardtack and bacon with blackberries and green corn in season, with pigs and chickens in all seasons. He who could not find food for his comrades was a mighty poor soldier. With his musket he could put up a fight at any crossroads. The country through which he tramped, the bases of supplies, the lines of communication, miles distant, developed new lines of warfare before unknown to military students, bringing to the surface the qualities of the true American soldier.

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front on a skirmish line that it does to march in battle lines where elbows touch; that few men on the skirmish line have backbone to stand. There's one of the boys out in the open field, not a tree or shrub to shield him as he loads, fires and advances. The man to the right is behind a tree, the one to the left crawls along a ditch, others are protected by the lay of the land. Little puffs of dust fly up from the ground near the man in the open. The skirmishers in gray from the woods beyond are all taking a whack at him. "This plan to be seen by the old veterans of other fights that this man is a fool to work. An old veteran would have lain flat upon his face, thinner than a shingle on the ground, until the storm passed over. This is one of the boys soon learned in a fighting regiment, but before this man found it out a caliber .54 went crashing through the bones of both legs and he went down. From out the platoon of reserves sprang one of the boys; down across the field he ran to the wounded man. From all along the line the enemy opened on him, only to hasten his steps until the wounded man was reached. Then, getting his comrade on his shoulder, he brought him back under the shelter of the hill. It was but an incident of the true American soldier.

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of guns distinctly marked the lines across the fields, over the hills, down through the valleys and over the woods. Then gradually all became quiet save the rumbling of heavy wheels moving the guns about, and lighter wheels that carried loads of wounded men picked up along the front lines.

I can not tell the other battle scenes without pain. Those events came back like clouds of mist; better are they forgotten, for the scenes of Perryville were repeated at Stone River, Chickamauga, Chattanooga and the hundred days' battle of the Atlanta campaign.

It takes all kinds of men to make up an army; some good, others bad, and many just middling. The bravest of the lot stand up in battle lines and fight to the finish; others keep away from the front, and the hospitals and "play off" on the Surgeons. In all my experience I have not found a brave man who could see others suffer. They keep away from the hospitals whenever possible; do not get in the rear, and care not to go over the fields where dead and wounded lay.

All sorts of men followed the army, some to pray for the wicked, others to rob the dead. The morning after the battle at Perryville two of these "hungry ones" were caught robbing a wounded Confederate. They had sacks full of watches and pocketbooks. They were tried by drum-head court martial and shot that day. There was no fooling with the blind God-less justice in the Army of the Cumberland.

WON THE RANK OF BROTHERS.

The behavior of the regiment in its first battle secured for them the good will of the veterans of the entire division. (The 38th Ill.) witnessed the valor of their new comrades, they came to us like brothers.

Just about half a mile to the front from our post, which was in a cemetery, near the edge of the plantation, there was a grove of oaks. Our Sergeant came to the place, from the noise heard, that the place was visited by Confederates every night, and plans were made to capture the place. Here we earned the title of the "nut-shuckers." They were the first luxuries we had had since leaving home, except what we bought at the soldier's paying 10 prices. Soldiers were legalized robbers, that in the Fall of '93 were banished from our army forever.

Before this date each regiment had one, and when the men had no money one-half the regiment was guarding them against the other half. The 38th Ill. boys did not suit their very much, and none of them were shocked when some fellows coming in from the picket-line early one morning tossed a vagrant 10-pound shell into the tent. It went off promptly and did the big tobacco, with a ton of supplies, pickles, shobacco, canned fruit and canned whisky. The sutler himself, somewhat demoralized,

Thinking of that officer, I got away from my memories of the actual battle. We went forward on the double-quick, then to the right into line, behind the brigade battery, along a slight knoll. Directly in front of me was a rail fence; beyond that a corn field. The six guns of the battery opened with shells over the fence, exploding them at the far side of the field half a mile away. From the hills beyond the enemy returned the salute, and the air seemed full of flying missiles. Then sharp bullets came zipping above our heads, and a moment later the corn field seemed alive with yells and cheers right at us. They were after our battery in earnest.

Back came our skirmishers out of the fence corners on the run, taking their places in the ranks. The battery guns were depressed a bit, their shells striking and throwing the rails into the air, and it seemed Old Nick had let loose all his imps. Grape and canister followed the shells, and corn was swept by tornado of lead, and those brave Southerners went down in hundreds. Some one behind us ordered a charge, and we ran toward the fence, but there was no one standing in front to fight.

Three that was repeated that day, each time with the same results. We seemed to have all our own way on that part of the line, but to our left the enemy had been more successful and our lines were crowded back; but in the contest we were the victors and Perryville was won.

Could battles be fought without loss of life and the wounding and maiming of men, it would be a delight in writing of them, as I saw them; but there is the dread of a battle, along a slight knoll, directly in front of me was a rail fence; beyond that a corn field. The six guns of the battery opened with shells over the fence, exploding them at the far side of the field half a mile away. From the hills beyond the enemy returned the salute, and the air seemed full of flying missiles. Then sharp bullets came zipping above our heads, and a moment later the corn field seemed alive with yells and cheers right at us. They were after our battery in earnest.

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Back came our skirmishers out of the fence corners on the run, taking their places in the ranks. The battery guns were depressed a bit, their shells striking and throwing the rails into the air, and it seemed Old Nick had let loose all his imps. Grape and canister followed the shells, and corn was swept by tornado of lead, and those brave Southerners went down in hundreds. Some one behind us ordered a charge, and we ran toward the fence, but there was no one standing in front to fight.

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was not an officer to grasp the situation as the other fellows were, and they were quick to pick up the reins of the cavalry platoon. When all the stuff had vanished the boys set about to convince "their uncle" that that shell had been planted by the rebels. The shell was a new stock of goods, so well that it got in a new stock of goods, and the boys planned other raids on his shakedown.

A NEW LIEUTENANT-COLONEL.

Our first Lieutenant-Colonel died before the end of the year, and another man came to us, transferred, so we heard, from the 1st Michigan. He was a good fellow, and we were delighted to see him, but the colonel was not a man to be trusted. He was a man of peace and not afraid to tackle the devil, in his professional life, he should present the office of the Court Assistant Postmaster-General in the office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, striking out the age limit for cars used in the Railway Mail Service, and the other amendments were agreed to. Other important amendments agreed to were those providing for the transfer of the free delivery service from the office of the Court Assistant Postmaster-General to the office of the First Assistant Postmaster-General, striking out the age limit for cars used in the Railway Mail Service, and the other amendments were agreed to. 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